

EYES

**original story and
treatment by
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EYES

A psychic is a person sensitive to forces outside the sphere of physical science or knowledge.

ESP has become a catch-phrase to describe everything that neither science nor religion can explain.

But Extra Sensory Perception may be the untapped, unexplored gate to the incredible hidden powers of the human mind.

The MAIN TITLES are a stunning visual sequence:

Eyes are photographed with a macro lens giving us incredible CLOSE SHOTS. Every detail of the human eye fills the screen, every little fleck in the iris and every tiny blood vessel in the liquid milky white.

Photographing eyes this close will give them an unearthly look, as if we are gazing on an alien terrain, some extra-terrestrial, mystical landscape we have never seen before.

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WE OPEN WITH A CLOSE-UP OF SHEILA MARS' FACE.

The shot is like a still photograph allowing us to scrutinize Sheila's features as she lies in bed asleep. In her late twenties, her face is angular and beautiful, soft and vulnerable in sleep. Her expression is completely relaxed.

Then Sheila's expression changes slightly. She frowns. There is a tenseness in her features.

Sheila is dreaming:

She is at the beach. It is a bright, hot summer day. Everything is slightly misty, distant as in any dream.

The beach is almost deserted. There are a MAN and a WOMAN, both young and attractive, standing several yards away posing for a photograph.

Sheila has a camera around her neck. She raises it to

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her eye.

Through the camera she sees the couple standing there, but behind them in the distance moves a huge thundercloud, big and black and bloated with rain, rolling slowly in from the ocean.

Sheila takes the camera away, frowning. She turns to an OLDER MAN, perhaps a father figure, standing next to her smiling. "They came in awfully fast, didn't they?" she says, pointing out to the clouds.

"It always happens that way. Here, I have a gift for you." The older man hands her a conch shell. "It's to help you. Visual aid. Improve your sight."

"That's very nice," says Sheila. "But I have to take this picture before the storm hits."

She turns back to the couple and raises the camera to her eye to take the picture.

Through the camera she sees an entirely different scene: a dimly lit room, dark, sulphurous lighting, and the man from the beach is holding the woman, raising a knife in his hand, plunging it into her face!

In terror Sheila drops the camera to the sand.

The beach is empty. The couple have disappeared.

Puzzled, Sheila reaches down to pick up her camera. It has turned into the conch shell.

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At that moment the storm hits. The beach is covered with rain and wind.

Sheila holds the conch shell up to her ear. "This is no gift," she says.

Suddenly from deep inside the shell a voice whispers: "Sheila!"

At this moment Sheila awakens from the dream and bolts upright in bed with a start. She is dazed. She shakes her head, trying to clear it.

Then slowly Sheila wakes up. "Oh boy!" she says, astounded at her own dream. She smiles to herself. "That was a good one, sweetheart."

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As she gets out of bed and begins to get dressed for the day the CAMERA MOVES AROUND her large six-room apartment. There is a huge skylight which pours the bright December sunshine into the mahogany wood rooms. Through the skylight we can see the roofs and windows of brownstones across the street and the framework of a large building under construction. Crests of clinging snow can be seen in the skylight.

In a single shot we know everything about Sheila Mars: CAMERA MOVES to the walls lined with photographs of faces, studies from real life, unposed etched people with piercing eyes; THEN ON to various framed awards and citations from art festivals and galleries; THEN TO a corkboard filled with newspaper and magazine reviews and other assorted notes and memorabilia ("Fashion Photographer Turns Lens to Art", "Sheila Mars Collection at the Edmonson", "A Woman's View of the World" and so forth); THEN CAMERA MOVES DOWN to stacks of fashion magazines and mounds of glossy fashion stills piled up against the wall, pushed aside from the rest of the room; THEN, CONTINUING TO MOVE, UP to a coffee table and a book on it entitled "The Faces of Mars", a collection of Sheila's work; THEN PAST a Nikkon camera and other equipment slung on a chair; AND FINALLY UP to a huge picture window where Sheila, now dressed, drinking her morning coffee, stands gazing at the skyline of New York. It is deep winter. Snow covers the

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city. The sky is leaden gray.

We establish that Sheila's apartment is four stories above street level. She is on the top floor of an old apartment building on East Forty-eighth Street off Third Avenue.

NOTE: In this first scene everything is done slowly, naturalistically. In ONE LONG MOVING SHOT we have established Sheila's life style.

In a bright T-shirt, dungarees and vest, and large fur overcoat, her camera and sachel dangling on her shoulder, Sheila steps out of her apartment, down a dimly lit hallway walled and carpeted in dark green, into the elevator — oak paneled with a shiny brass handrail around the inside — one of those that you have to operate yourself. MRS. BURLINGTON is operating it. She is a nosy, late-sixties widower, pinched face, pink-rimmed glasses on a neckchain. Sheila smiles at her as they start down to the lobby.

"Good morning, Mrs. Burlington," says Sheila cheerfully. "You're up early."

Mrs. Burlington gives Sheila a side-long glance. "Was that your boyfriend walking around up there last night?"

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Sheila is startled. "Boyfriend? Up where?"

Mrs. Burlington takes off her glasses with a dramatic gesture and drops them on her neckchain. "That man looking around on your floor at one fifteen this morning."

Sheila smiles at the fact the woman knows the exact time—her unbridled nosiness. "What did he look like?"

"Too dark up there. I couldn't see his face, but I could tell he was strange."

"You mean like a bum or weirdo or something?"

She gives Sheila a knowing look. "Just strange."

"Maybe he's a new tenant."

"Going from floor to floor on the fire escape?"

Mrs. Burlington stops the elevator at the lobby, chivying it up and down for a closer alignment with the floor rail outside like a pro.

"What were you doing on my floor at one fifteen?" asks Sheila.

"I was on the fire escape."

"Mrs. Burlington!"

"I followed him from my floor. He was looking around down there too."

"You have to watch them if they use fire escapes,"

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"Absolutely!"

"I had an affair with an older man once. He liked to come in through the window."

Mrs. Burlington nods her head sympathetically. "I've heard about those kinds of things. An older man? How long did it last?"

"About fifteen minutes."

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Sheila steps out of the elevator into the lobby, huge and ornate like the apartment building itself, old and elephantine, a warren of high-ceilinged alcoves with old art deco chairs, fireplaces and Victorian detail. She walks through the lobby, through a doorway to a small back room which contains a switchboard and ARTHUR, the operator. Arthur is a middle-aged black man who almost always seems totally bored with his job. He sits behind the switchboard desk with six lines plugged in.

"It's eight o'clock," says Arthur into his mouthpiece, then disconnecting the line. "It's eight o'clock," he repeats boredly, disconnecting another line. "It's eight o'clock," he goes on.

Sheila checks through her mailbox for messages and then watches Arthur a moment. "I just figured out how you do that, Arthur. It doesn't matter if they actually left a call in, you plug everybody in at the same time and then just keep ringing until everybody answers."

Arthur glances up at her coldly. "It's eight o'clock." He starts to disconnect, then stops, listening a moment. "I have no idea. How would I know, I haven't been out yet?"

Impulsively Sheila leans down and speaks into Arthur's mouthpiece. "It's cold and shitty!"

Arthur quickly disconnects the line and glares at Sheila. "You're gonna lose me my job."

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"I made you famous, Arthur. No one's ever going to fire you. By the way, mention something to Norm, will you? Mrs. Burlington saw some strange guy wandering around the floors last night."

Arthur looks at her patiently. "Mrs. Burlington sees strange men wandering on the ceiling of her bathroom."

"I know, but just the same, say something to him. I pay enough for security, I'd like to know someone's on the job."

Sheila proceeds back through a small walkway, steps out a side door, across a small alley and into the side entrance of the delicatessen next door. She walks down a dingy little hallway and as she passes a door marked 'superintendant' she sees the edge of a steamer trunk has pushed it ajar from the inside. Sheila is unable to resist the temptation. She peeks in.

The super's room is small and boxy. There is an old set of box springs pushed against the wall. Besides the huge steamer trunk are a couple of suitcases. The room is tiny and bleak.

Sheila catches herself momentarily snooping. She walks into the small delicatessen and sits down at the counter. There are a few customers huddled around drinking coffee or eating breakfast.

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The DELICATESSEN OWNER, a large man in his late fifties, very Semetic, brings her a cup of coffee.

"Can you make it with the food by four fifteen?" asks Sheila.

"No problem," the deli owner answers.

"Blaine Casseil will call you and make the final arrangements. She owns the gallery and . . ."

"Stop the worrying, will you?"

"I just want everything to go right."

"It will. I even hired a new delivery boy for you."

The deli owner turns and calls to GEORGE KEMPER, a big burly young man in his late twenties — Sheila's age. He has a good-natured, congenial face, a ruddy jovial look about him. George looks up from stacking boxes of food.

"Sheila Mars," shouts the deli owner. "Say hello to George Kemper."

"Hello, George."

George smiles back. "Hello," he says softly, almost under his breath.

"You got a new super too?" asks Sheila hurriedly finishing her coffee.

"Naah. George is staying back there until he finds a place of his own."

Sheila stands up and pays for the coffee. "I gotta run." She looks at the deli owner and starts to say something else.

"I told you to stop worrying. The food will be there."

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Sheila walks out of the delicatessen into the street swarming with people hurrying to work. She pushes her way to her car, a BMW parked in a small, private lot across the street.

There is a small tape cartridge taped to the side windshield. Smiling to herself Sheila removes the cartridge, gets in her car, rolls up the window completely sealing off the outside sounds, and pulls out into the flux of traffic.

As she moves through the winter streets bristling with cars and busses and taxis, Sheila begins to insulate herself for the day. The vulnerability is gone. She is bright, strong, self-willed. She flips the cartridge into her tape deck.

We hear DONALD'S VOICE on the tape. He is her private secretary, obviously a homosexual who speaks with a constant level of effeminate sarcasm. The tape is Donald's morning note to Sheila. "This has got to hold you until you get to the studio, so listen carefully, sweetheart," says Donald over the tape. "You have two sessions booked this morning, and are they ever exciting. Michelle will be flashing her eight hundred dollar-a-day smile for Revlon. Doesn't that make you tingle? Then at eleven thirty you have a turn of the century Ford touring car portrait. There were no Ford touring cars at the turn of the century, but don't tell those Bozos at the agency. Speaking of Bozos, I got a call from that executive over at Milltown. You know, the one who keeps

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trying to get a date with you. Well, he wants to see you tomorrow." Sheila winces at this. "Yes, he'll be trying his best to snooker you at lunch. If he'd only try me."

Sheila's studio is a large, multi-levelled loft in an old brownstone on the East Side of Manhattan. In addition to the various standing sets and equipment the studio is filled with an incredible

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ragtag of things: huge jawbones, bird cages, a carved wooden Indian in a dress, movie posters plastered all over the walls, books and glasses and pillows in huge piles, a maze of items and articles stacked on the floor or suspended from the ceiling.

In a large open area of the studio Sheila is hard at work with MICHELLE, a tall dishwater blonde with a ravishing smile and sexy toughness. Unlike most of the New York models Michelle is extremely intelligent. She and Sheila are close friends.

Michelle is posing and posturing as Sheila clicks off shots. "All right, Michelle, you're looking right at me . . ." CLICK, SNAP. CLICK, SNAP. "Turn your head . . ." CLICK, SNAP. "More . . . more. Large smile . . . Little smile . . . Any smile?" Sheila takes her eye away from the viewfinder and stares at Michelle. "What's wrong?"

"I'm sorry," says Michelle. "I'm just not all here."

"Eight hundred dollars a day and you're not all here?"

"Help me."

Sheila nods wearily. She puts the camera back to her eye. "All right, Michelle, Jewish girl flies in and meets her parents at the airport. She steps off the plane with her new husband, a seven foot African native with a bone through his nose. Her mother screams. 'You fool, I said a RICH doctor!'"

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Michelle breaks into helpless laughter. "That's it, that's it!" CLICK, SNAP. CLICK, SNAP. CLICK, SNAP.

A group of TEN MODELS in 1910 clothes — white frilly dresses and floppy hats with big flowers, small derbys for the men — and sitting in and standing around an ancient Ford touring car. The ART DIRECTORS and STYLISTS are putting the finishing touches on the backdrop, a turn of the century town in the midwest. Sheila is setting up the shot, barking instructions to everyone.

"I want you to stain that darker," she shouts to the art directors.

"Charlene, your hat is on crooked. No, strike that, your head is lopsided. Tilt it the other way."

"Janet, change places with Neil. No, no, not Judy. Neil!"

"Back up as much as you can, Charlene."

"Talk to each other. Smiling, enjoying life. No, no, don't overanimate."

Behind Sheila out of the glare of the lights a group of AD EXECUTIVES stare appreciatively at her technique and nervously at their watches. Michelle wanders out of the dressing room, now clad in dungarees and T-shirt. She watches Sheila finish off the shot.

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"All right, everybody, here we are, here we are." Sheila is staring through the viewfinder. CLICK, SNAP. She steps back from the camera rubbing her eyes wearily. "Relax. Nice picture. Thank you, everybody. Thank you. Wrap it."

The models rush to the dressing rooms and on to other sessions, the art directors and stylists depart and the ad executives congratulate Sheila on her record time and hurry off to lunch meetings. Sheila and Michelle are left alone in the studio.

Immediately Sheila begins packing up her camera equipment for a location assignment. Her energy level is incredible. She never stops.

"I'm sorry I was frozen this morning," says Michelle.

"The usual?"

Michelle nods. "It's getting worse. I don't know whether to leave him or stick around and try to put it back together. All we do is argue. What can I do?"

"Don't ask me. You know what I do Saturday nights. I sneak in the dark room and get a little action with some Plus X in the stop bath."

"Well, that's because you're so damn choosy. Queen of the Careful Selection. Besides, I didn't expect an answer. The question was rhetorical."

Donald's voice offscreen: "You're using big words now, Michelle."

DONALD comes into the studio. He is a thirty-five-year old homosexual with a caustic sense of humor. He dresses

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outrageously. It is instantly obvious that there is antagonism between Donald and Michelle.

"And I resent the use of the word 'Queen' unless it's in reference to me," he continues.

"Hello, Donald," says Sheila, glaring at Michelle as if to say 'pay no attention to him'. "I enjoyed your tape this morning. You must have put it there before dawn."

Donald shrugs. "The early bird . . . "

"I've never known a fag to get up before noon," says Michelle coldly.

Donald corrects her: "Gay person." He turns to Sheila. "You've got a lot of things to do this afternoon, Miss Mars. There isn't time to talk to the Living Mannequin."

"Are you coming to the gallery, Michelle?"

"Later on."

"We'll talk then."

"Now stop it," says Donald standing between them, hooking his arms in theirs. "No secrets between girls."

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Sheila and Donald are walking briskly along a city street. We see why Donald is Sheila's secretary. He is efficient, organized and intelligent. He runs down her entire day for her, leaving out no details.

"After the opening you have the reception. In addition to the press and special invited patrons all your friends will be there. I tried to get that gem of a woman Elaine to invite some of my friends, but she said if she did we'd probably all get busted by the vice squad. You have a location at Bryanston Park tomorrow morning, but they may cancel. Mr. Appleton is expecting you to call between nine and ten and he'll tell you what the situation is."

"That's it?" asks Sheila.

"It? You mean you want more?"

Sheila quickly shakes her head. "I'm so busy now I can't do my laundry."

"Maybe if you'd stop flitting away time as a counselor to empty-headed models . . ."

"Donald, cut it out. I'm not in the mood for . . ."

She stops, grabbing Donald's arm. "Wait a minute!"

Donald looks at her curiously. "What is it?"

Sheila has a strange, quizzical look on her face as if she is searching for the answer to a question. Suddenly she has it. She turns to Donald. "Strings!"

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"What?" says Donald.

"Strings . . . " Sheila realizes she isn't making sense. "I don't know. Strings and . . . Richard . . . " Then suddenly she looks up and down the street quickly, urgently. Down the block she sees a MAN walking out of a drug store with a sack under his arm. He is an average-looking man. Nothing unusual about him.

"That man!" says Sheila pointing at him.

Donald looks carefully. "Yes?"

Sheila takes a few steps toward him. "Richard!"

The man stops and looks at Sheila. He tries to recognize her. "Yeah, what is it?" He takes three steps toward Sheila.

Then suddenly right behind him a piano hits the pavement right on the spot where he stood with a LOUD CRASH. The piano breaks open, wood flying.

The man freezes. Slowly he turns around and looks first at the obliterated piano, and then up at the building. A WORKMAN is leaning out of a window holding a frayed, broken rope.

Sheila and Donald come running up to him.

"You son of a bitch," the man screams at the workman.

He turns to Sheila. "Thanks, lady." He is badly shaken. He slowly walks away down the street.

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Donald is staring at Sheila curiously. "Did you know him?"

"No."

"You called out his name."

Sheila thinks about it a moment. "I guess I did."

"How did you know his name? How did you know that thing was going to fall?"

Sheila shrugs. She truly doesn't know how she knew. "Women's intuition?"

"Can't be," says Donald. "I have that all the time."

Then suddenly the back of the piano bursts open and all the strings inside fall out on the sidewalk.

Donald turns to Sheila. "This means I may get very drunk at the gallery."

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The art gallery is sterile white with huge black and white blow-ups of Sheila's photographs displayed everywhere. The photos are from Sheila's book The Faces of Mars. They include shots of Michelle, Donald, Arthur the black switchboard operator, and ELAINE CASSEIL, the gallery owner. A woman in her late forties, Elaine is somewhat attractive, modestly dressed, a businesswoman who is, at the moment, making her way through PATRONS, ART CRITICS and various other INVITED GUESTS all chatting and drinking and smiling. The cocktail party is in full swing.

She finds Sheila and Donald in a corner of the gallery.

"This is just no good," says Elaine. She has a strained look on her face from too much tension. "You," she says, pointing at Sheila, "should be out mingling."

"We're having a private drunk here together," says Donald, obviously intoxicated.

"And you should leave your deviated friends at home," says Elaine.

"Elaine, you won't believe what happened this afternoon," says Sheila.

"She's turned into a mystic," says Donald.

"It started with that dream I had this morning," says Sheila.

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A PATRON in a tuxedo walks by and smiles at Sheila, shaking her hand. "Beautiful work," he says. "Just beautiful."

"Thank you very much," says Sheila.

Donald is looking at her. "What dream? You never told me about any dream."

Elaine cuts Sheila off. "I don't want to know, whatever it is. What I want to know is where is George? Why isn't he here with the food?"

Sheila looks at her curiously. "George?" Then she remembers. "Oh, the new delivery boy."

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Elaine turns on Donald. "You did get her drunk."

Donald coolly turns to Sheila, gesturing to Elaine. "You see before you absolute proof of yet another strike by the garbage men of New York."

"I am not drunk," says Sheila handing Elaine her glass. "Extremely high, yes. Not drunk." She points at Donald. "That's drunk." She points to herself. "This is high."

Sheila quickly moves away from them, drifting off through the crowd, helloing various people and thanking them for coming.

In another corner of the gallery a very unhappy-looking Michelle and ROBERT, her boyfriend, a tall, good-looking man dressed in a white tennis outfit. Sheila walks over to them.

"I'm sorry," begins Michelle.

"Do you care, Sheila?" interrupts Robert.

"About what?"

"That he's a fool," says Michelle, turning away from him angrily.

"My clothes," says Robert gesturing to his tennis outfit.

"Of course not."

"But I do," says Elaine right behind Sheila. Elaine glares at Robert, then at Michelle. "Michelle, you are with a very stupid man. How can you come to an art gallery dressed like that?"

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Sheila puts a hand gently on Elaine's arm. "Elaine, calm down, it's all right. Robert's a friend. I don't care what he wears."

Robert gestures grandly at Sheila. "The last of the all-time really great broads."

Sheila winks broadly, sarcastically. "Thanks, pal."

"He's just trying to get at me," says Michelle.

At which they all begin talking at once.

With the exception of Sheila: "Leave me out of this," she says, quickly moving away from them.

Donald comes weaving by her, a silly but caustic smile on his face. He has heard the argument.

"Princesses, all of them. Especially Robert."

"Elaine is always a little high-pitched but I've never seen her this upset. Something must be wrong."

"And at your opening. You'd think they'd have the decency to play down their little traumas. Such a fine circle of friends."

A waiter passes by and Donald grabs a drink off his tray. He gulps it down.

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Sheila hooks his arm and they walk back through the crowd, smiling, helloing.

"Donald," whispers Sheila firmly, with a smile on her face. "If you get any drunker and insult anyone else. . . "

"What do you mean 'anyone else'? I haven't even started yet."

"Donald. I want your word."

"Oh, all right. By the way, is that what everyone is looking for?"

Donald points to George who has just stepped into the gallery with trays of food.

Sheila waves at Blaine and points to George. Right behind George a big, powerful MAN, his face handsome and tough at the same time, weathered by something more than age, walks into the gallery. He is dressed in a modest dark suit but looks wildly out of place in an art gallery. He begins looking around at Sheila's work.

Sheila sees him, instantly attracted to his rugged features.

George sees Sheila's reaction. For a moment he thinks it is for him and smiles warmly back at her. Then he realizes she is looking at the other man.

Donald sees the man. "Now that is what I've been looking for! What a brute!"

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Sheila walks over to Elaine who is giving George some hurried instructions. "Elaine, who is that?" Sheila points to the big man. Both Elaine and George look at him.

"I don't know, I'd have to check my list."

"Would you?"

Elaine looks at her. "You mean right now, this minute?"

Sheila nods her head. Elaine quickly glances at her list. "I think that's JOHN NEVILLE. He's a regular patron, but I really don't know who he is. I've seen him before a couple of times." She notices the way Sheila stares at him. So does George. "You like him, huh?"

"Absolutely beautiful." She turns to Elaine. "I'm just high enough to do this."

Sheila walks right up to Neville.

"Hello there," she says.

Neville turns and looks at her. "Hello," he says. He looks her over, quite interested.

"What do you think of them?" she asks.

"Very nice," he says, still looking at her.

"Nice?"

"Yeah, sure."

She gestures to the photographs all around them. "You'd use the word 'nice'?"

"Why not?"

"There are stronger words."

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Neville looks at the photos. "They're . . . " He tries to think of a new word and fails. " . . . nice."

"I'm Sheila Mars. I took these nice pictures. This is my opening."

Neville stares at her astoundedly.

"I like to mingle with the patrons and see what they really think about my work."

"Congratulations," says Neville.

"On what? Mingling with the patrons?"

"Insulting them." He turns and starts to walk away.

"Do you know what I wish?"

He stops and slowly looks back at her.

"I wish we could start this whole thing over from the beginning."

Before Neville can say anything Sheila walks away from him, disappears behind one of her photographs, then reappears, looking at Neville as if for the first time.

"Hello, I'm Sheila Mars. Welcome to my opening. If I happen to say anything rude or insult you in any way, please ignore it. I'm just nervous."

"I don't like being tricked."

"Well from the way you look I didn't think you'd be this sensitive."

"Sensitive?"

"You've got such a great scowl, it makes you look, I don't know, tougher."

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Neville catches himself scowling. He breaks into a laconic smile. "You do have a unique sort of style."

"You mean my pictures?"

"No."

Sheila smiles her Cheshire cat smile. "I can't help myself. It's because I'm impulsive. I always have been."

Neville nods silently in agreement.

"Actually, I'm testing your reactions. You can tell an awful lot about someone by testing their reactions. Don't you think so?"

Neville nods again.

"You're not known for the long soliloquy, are you? The turn of the phrase, the fast conversation?"

Neville smiles. "Not often." He gestures to the photos around them. "You're good. How do you choose your subjects?"

"I just wander around looking at people. I try to find faces that say something. Like yours."

"What does my face say?"

"I'm not sure yet, I'd have to study it more . . ."

Neville glances at his watch. "I'm afraid right now it says 'Goodbye'."

"Look, I said to ignore anything rude or insulting."

"I really have to go."

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"You only just got here," says Sheila.

"It's my lunch hour."

"At four thirty in the afternoon?"

"Goodbye, Miss Mars. It's been . . . incredible."

He smiles and turns to go once again.

"Would you mind if I took your picture sometime?" she asks, desperate for something to keep him from going.

"Yes, I would."

"Why?"

"I have this thing about having my picture taken."

"That's not it, is it? It's me. You've made up your mind about me, just like that. And I thought we were getting along so well."

"We were," says Neville. "But I guess you might say I'm just old-fashioned underneath it all. I feel there are certain things a man should never sacrifice. One is making the first move. Failing that, he should make the last."

As Neville leaves Sheila watches him longingly. Then she grimaces angrily at herself.

"What's wrong?" asks Elaine.

"My magnetic personality drove him away."

"What did you find out about him?"

"He doesn't talk alot, he eats lunch at four thirty in the afternoon and he doesn't like to have his picture taken. Especially by me."

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Elaine smiles. "Other than the fact that you're slightly pickey I've never seen you have a problem with a man."
"There's always a first time."

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Sheila's living room is dark except for the orange glow from the fireplace. Several logs are crackling. Sheila is seated on the floor opening a bottle of wine. It is late and she is treating herself to a few moments of quiet relaxation. She pops the cork and pours herself a glass. Her eyes move to the picture window. From four stories up the winter city is an endless horizon of lights. She refocuses her eyes to her own reflection in the window. Smiling, she lifts her glass in a toast to herself.

"Here's to you, smart ass. You really know how to charm 'em." She takes a drink. Her face is lonely. Sheila pays for her life of independence.

All of a sudden Sheila whirls around and stares at the front door. There was no sound, nothing to draw her attention. She senses something there.

Slowly Sheila walks to the door. She listens for a moment, then quickly pulls it open.

The hallway is empty. There is nothing out of the ordinary . . . except the window at the end of the hall is open slightly. Snow is blowing in on the floor.

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Sheila walks to the window and cautiously peers out. It opens on to the fire escape. The night is cold and there is a slight snow falling. The street — mostly brownstones, a parking lot or two four stories below — is filled with snow and shadows.

She starts to close the window, then glances down at the fire escape.

There are footprints leading down the escape. They are big like the imprint of a man's boot.

Sheila closes the window and latches it shut. She thinks about it a moment: the window had to have been opened from the inside.

She starts back to her door, then stops, seeing something on the floor. She picks up a small parking lot stub. Next to the punched-in time line is "Fuelis Parking Lot, Bayonne, New Jersey".

Sheila goes back in her apartment and closes the door.

She lifts the telephone receiver and dials a number. She waits and waits. No answer. Puzzled, she puts the phone down.

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In her studio darkroom Sheila finishes developing the last still of the morning. Donald strolls in carrying his new tape recorder under his arm.

"Good morning, sweetheart," he says cheerfully.

"Where were you last night?"

Donald puts the tape recorder on a table and begins fiddling with it. "I've just about got this thing working properly."

"I called you last night but there was no answer. I thought you were drunk, went home and went to sleep."

"I got sidetracked on the way," says Donald cattily.

"I had another one last night."

"Another what?" he asks in mocking alarm.

"I don't know what you call it. Like what happened yesterday afternoon."

"I don't remember too much about yesterday afternoon.

The phone next to the table rings. Donald picks it up.

"Hello Yes, who's calling please? Mr.

Bensinger? One moment." Donald puts his hand over the receiver and whispers to Sheila. "That executive I told you about. The one over at Milltown who wants to ask you out."

EYES

Sheila shakes her head firmly.

"I'm sorry," says Donald into the phone again, "she's not in at the . . . You just heard what? No one was whispering here. It must have been your imagination." Donald hangs up. "Nosy devil."

Donald returns to his tape recorder when the phone rings again. He picks it up. "Hello. Who is this? Bensinger?" Donald slams the phone down. "I don't believe him!"

Michelle slips into the darkroom.

"Hi," says Sheila looking up from a roll of negatives.

"I'm sorry," says Michelle immediately.

"I'll say," says Donald.

Michelle glares at him. "Not today, Donald."

"Sorry about what?" asks Sheila quickly.

"Yesterday at your opening."

"Forget it."

"Robert's developing a new approach to our problems. He takes me out and then goes about making a complete ass of himself."

"I disagree, Michelle," says Donald. "I think Robert's always been a half-ass."

"I said not today!"

Sheila turns to them both. "If the two of you stand around in my studio darkroom you find a way to get along with each other!"

EYES

The phone rings again. Donald picks it up. "Hello."
Then he suddenly SLAMS it down. "Bensinger! He's crazy!"

The phone rings again.

Donald gets a maniacal grin. He quickly flips on the tape recorder and speaks into the microphone with a deep voice: "Hey, Alice, get your ass over here." He keeps the recorder going. The telephone rings and he records that too. Then Donald rewinds the tape and picks up the phone.

He speaks in a high, feminine voice. "Alice's Message, Alice speaking. (Pause) Sir, this is not a photographic studio, this is a parlor of relaxation." Donald flips on the recorder and plays the tape back, holding the phone near the speaker.

Donald's deep voice on the tape: "Hey, Alice, get your ass over here."

Then Donald in his high voice into the phone. "Coming, Sam."

Then the phone's ringing is heard over the tape recorder.

"My other phone. Excuse me. Bye." Donald hangs up and rubs his hands together with satisfaction. "I can keep it up as long as you can, Bensinger!"

The phone rings again.

"I've had enough," says Sheila. She picks up the phone. "Hello? Oh . . . Elaine . . . "

EYES

"Bensinger was better," says Donald.

"Sure, fine," says Sheila into the phone. "I have a location near there anyway and I've been wanting to see your place for weeks now . . . Elaine, what is it? (Pause) Well, what is it? All right, I'll see you at one. Bye."

"Let me guess," says Donald. "She has something so important and urgent to tell you that she can't talk about it over the phone."

Sheila hurriedly finishes her work.

"I'll see you later," says Michelle slipping out of the darkroom.

Donald looks after Michelle and starts to say something but Sheila cuts him off. "No comments, Donald. Can't you see what she's going through?"

"She picked him."

"You've never made mistakes?"

He thinks about it a moment. "Yes, now that you mention it, I guess I have. Once three years ago."

"I don't want to hear about it."

"He was a sailor."

"I said I don't want to hear . . ." Suddenly Sheila stops what she is doing. She gets a strange, intense look on her face. "How strange . . ."

"Oh, my God," says Donald, staring past her in astonishment.

EYES

"You know who I was just thinking about?" she asks.

Then she sees Donald's expression. She turns around.

Standing in the doorway to the darkroom, his striking, handsome features etched in the negative red light, PHILLIP has a half-smile on his face. "Hello, Sheila," he says.

Sheila is stunned, incredulous. Obviously it was Phillip she was thinking about. "Hello, Phillip," she says.

Phillip casts a slow, cold glance at Donald. "I see some things never change around here."

"Like your charm, Phillip," says Donald. "We've missed you. You should visit more often." Donald moves to the door. "I'll be breezing along, sweetheart."

"Don't forget you promised to help me with the Collins session tomorrow," says Sheila.

"I won't," says Donald and steps out of the darkroom.

For a long moment Sheila and Phillip stare at each other. Finally Sheila returns to packing up her equipment. "How are you, Phillip?"

"Spectacular," he says. "I saw Michelle on the way in. She looks as good as ever."

Sheila gives him a quick, curious look. "I've never heard you say anything nice about Michelle in your life. Something must have happened to you, Phillip. Jungle fever?"

"Of course you look better than ever. It happens every time I see you. I forget how beautiful you are."

EYES

"Thank you," says Sheila softly.

"How about lunch?"

"I have to go," says Sheila. "I've got a location in fifteen minutes."

"You're having lunch with me."

Sheila looks at him. "No. I'm not."

Suddenly Phillip gets very angry. "Don't tell me you can't put off a location to see me! I won't hear that!"

"Because you won't listen. You were right in the beginning, Phillip. Some things never change."

Suddenly he calms down but his face is still flushed. "All right, all right, I'm sorry. Look, let's have dinner tonight then."

"Why?"

That stops him. "Well . . . "

"There isn't anything new to add to it all. You'll say the same things you said a year ago, I'll say the same things. We'll bore each other through the meal."

"I flew all the way in to see you."

"And boy are your arms tired," she says quickly, grinning and slapping her hands together. Phillip's grim expression doesn't change.

"That's the problem," says Sheila. "We can never laugh at anything together. At each other, at ourselves."

"I only have a week before I have to go back to L.A."

EYES

Sheila sighs wearily and gives up. She gathers up her equipment.

"At least we can have dinner."

"No, Phillip." She says it in a quiet but firm voice and walks out of the darkroom. He follows her through the studio.

"Just dinner, Sheila. That's all."

"No." She walks out of the studio, leaving him standing there, his face flushed with anger.

EYES

Just down the block from her studio Sheila ducks into a phone booth. She shakes her head wearily at the scene she just had with Phillip. Quickly she puts in a dime, dials and hears a BUSY SIGNAL over the receiver. She hangs up and steps out of the booth.

It is a bright, crisp winter day. Sheila walks through Central Park. The snow-covered skyline hovers above the trees.

Sheila stops at another phone booth on the other side of the park. She puts in her money, dials, and the phone RINGS eight, nine, ten times. No answer.

Puzzled, Sheila hangs up.

EYES

It is close to one o'clock. Sheila walks down an old-fashioned, tree-lined street of identical bay-windowed, four story red brick apartments, each with its cement stoop in the front. Her camera is slung around her neck, the fur coat collar up against the wind.

She stops momentarily to take pictures of a couple CHILDREN playing across the street.

There is activity at the end of the block. A group of twenty or so people are gathered in a semicircle around the entrance to an alley. A cluster of police cars, their roof lights spinning, are parked at awkward angles in the street.

Cars on the avenue begin to slow questioningly. Windows scrape open in neighboring buildings.

An ambulance pulls up, its siren WAILING.

Sheila checks the numbers on the houses. The alley is right next to Elaine's apartment. She glances around the crowd for some sign of Elaine but then the photographer gets the best of her. She flips the cover off her camera and takes shots of the milling crowd.

Medics emerge from the alley carrying a stretcher. There is a MURMUR from the crowd and everybody is pushed back

EYES

by uniformed OFFICERS. "Get back now, will you?" a POLICEMAN says. Sheila is craning to see over people's shoulders. A coated back moves out of the way.

On the stretcher is a sheet covered body. The outline of the head is strange. Something is sticking straight up.

"What's that on her face?" says someone in the crowd.

Sheila moves back out of the way to let the stretcher pass. As she does a woman's arm falls out from under the blanket. A GASP from the crowd.

Then, in a reflex motion, the arm twitches and suddenly lashes out, grabbing Sheila by the wrist. There is a bizarre struggle. Holding the camera with one hand Sheila tries to free herself.

Then the sheet slips down off the face.

It is Elaine, watching Sheila with one dead eye. The other eye is gone, just an empty socket with a long, thin nail file protruding from it.

Sheila stares in horror at Elaine's face. Her eyes look into Elaine's single eye, rivoting together, linking.

A flash: a strange, high-pitched whine blots out all sounds for a second.

Sheila stares at something in Elaine's eye, in the iris. CLOSER, we see a shape; EXTREME CLOSE-UP, the face of a man.

Sheila's finger hits the trigger of the camera and SNAPS a picture of Elaine's face.

EYES

A large, masculine hand pries Elaine's hand loose from Sheila's wrist. It is a MEDIC. He covers Elaine's face once again and glares at Sheila. "Just get back, lady! Just get back!"

Sheila is unable to speak. She is pushed back roughly through the crowd.

The medics place the body in the ambulance and it roars quickly away. The police disperse the crowd.

Sheila is shaking. She slowly wanders away down the street, stunned and alone, in shock.

EYES

Michelle is sitting with Sheila in her empty studio. Sheila just stares at nothing. She unconsciously rubs the wrist that Elaine grasped.

Michelle is crying. "Why, for Christ's sakes?" she asks, not expecting an answer. "Elaine," she whispers as if she is addressing her.

"Michelle," says Sheila. "I think . . . I saw something . . . "

Michelle looks at her curiously. "Saw something?"

Sheila nods. "In her eye . . . "

"Come on, Sheila," says Michelle softly.

Sheila isn't listening to her. She opens the back of her camera and takes out the small, light-proof container of film. "Just for a second . . . I was staring at her and I saw a shape, a face in her eye. Not a reflection, a man's face."

She looks at Michelle pleadingly.

Then she hurls the film container across the studio. It hits the wall and CLATTERS down behind a stack of old props that are piled up against the wall.

Sheila breaks down, sobbing violently. Michelle puts her arms around her and they hold each other.

EYES

Donald walks in the room. The edge is off his sarcastic manner, but he is very calm. He watches Sheila and Michelle as they cry.

EYES

The office in the police station is very plain: white walls, a scarred, coffee-stained desk, a map of New York city on the wall and dull gray filing cabinets everywhere.

Sheila is waiting, staring distractedly out the window. She is still shaken, dazed.

The door opens. Neville walks in carrying a folder full of papers. Sheila looks up in surprise.

"Hello, Miss Mars. Thank you for coming."

Sheila looks at him confusedly. "Oh" Then incredulously. "Oh!"

"Some of us are even art lovers," he says, smiling.

"A cop? I can't believe it. And your lunch hour is really at four thirty in the afternoon?"

"Unfortunately."

"What a way to meet again," says Sheila, almost to herself.

"I wonder if you'd mind coming with me for about an hour or so?"

EYES

They are zipping along in his unmarked car. Sheila looks at Neville out of the corner of her eye. Despite the terrible ordeal she is still terribly attracted to him.

"I know you've already talked to the police," says Neville. "They brought me in to go over it all again. When I saw your name on the witness list I decided to talk to you myself." He glances at her. "I know how hard it is."

"It's just that . . . sometimes I get this funny feeling . . . like in some strange way I'm responsible for what happened." Tears stream down from her eyes. "There just wasn't any reason for it."

"That's why I was called in. I get the ones that have no suspects, no clues, and no motives."

"Then you're not a real cop?"

"I'm a special investigator. Division of Crime Research and Detection. I'm an expert on a certain type of crime and criminal."

She nods her head slowly. "Let me guess," she says grimly.

"That's right. The crazies."

EYES

The alley next to Blaine's house.

Sheila and Neville walk up. Special Officer NORRIS, a tall, grayish man, nods to Neville.

"Hello, Norris," says Neville. "It's cold."

"Yes sir."

"Norris, this is Sheila Mars."

"Hello, Miss Mars."

"Hello," says Sheila, standing near the entrance to the alley, hesitant of stepping in. She looks like she wants to turn around and run away from it. Neville turns to her.

"You don't have to see this if you don't want," he says, sensing her revulsion. "But you may be able to help answer a couple of questions."

Sheila nods. She steps into the shade of the alley and sees a rough chalk outline of Blaine's body on the ground. There are chalk footprints at the approximate position the killer was standing.

"We ready?" asks Neville.

Norris checks his watch. "We got lucky today. The exact same weather." Norris begins to reconstruct the crime. "Blaine Casseil came out of the front door of her apartment and started down the street. Her next door neighbor saw her leave wearing a coat, hat, gloves and golashes."

EYES

Neville turns to Sheila. "She was supposed to be waiting here for you?"

Sheila nods. "We had a lunch date."

"We checked everything," says Neville. "No doctor's appointments, nothing at the gallery, no emergencies. She just up and left. Go on, Norris."

"Now, the killer is standing here. At this point the neighbor, who can't see the killer, testified she saw Blaine Casseil stop, look into the alley, hesitate a moment, and then step in." Norris motions to Sheila. "Stand right here in his footsteps."

Sheila obliges. She is blinded by the sunlight glinting off the smooth surface of a fire escape on the building across the alley. She moves to a different perspective but wherever she stands the sunlight obscures her vision of the street."

"The killer couldn't see into the street," says Norris. "Same weather, same time of day."

Sheila puts on her sunglasses. From her point of view it is difficult to make out Neville standing in the spot where Blaine was to have been standing.

"It could be he wasn't sure who she was," says Neville. "A random killing by a psychotic over the edge. More tragic because it's random, and more impossible to solve."

"Now, Miss Mars, come over here." Norris places Sheila in the exact spot where Blaine stood on the sidewalk.

EYES

"She could see into the alley perfectly," says Sheila in amazement. "Which means she was looking right at him."

Norris nods enthusiastically.

"Why would she have gone in to him?" she asks.

Neville strolls up to her. "Maybe she recognized him."

"Who could it have been?" says Sheila breathlessly.

"I was hoping you might answer that."

Sheila shakes her head. "I don't know."

Neville turns to Norris. "What else?"

"The killer drew the weapon and struck Elaine Casseil in the left eye. Then, as far as we know, he just walked away."

EYES

Neville is driving Sheila back along a city street.

"She could have recognized him and didn't feel there was anything to fear from him. Do you know anybody she might have even casually known who . . .?"

"No one," says Sheila, shaking her head.

"What about Phillip MacLean?"

Sheila quickly looks at him. "How do you know about Phillip?"

"Come on, Miss Mars, it's my job."

"Phillip? That's impossible. Why would you suspect him?"

Neville ignores the question. "You've been separated for over a year, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"People change in a year," he says.

"Not that much."

"Sometimes you can get close to someone and then one day you don't know who they are."

"I still can't believe you would suspect him."

"He's one of the people in Blaine's circle of acquaintances that we can't place during the time of the murder."

"Who else?"

Neville just smiles.

"Me?"

"We can't positively place you either. We have to

EYES

explore everything."

"Phillip knew Blaine. He knew all my friends." She
stares out the window. "The only person he really doesn't
know is me."

(CONT'D)

EYES

"Why do you say that?"

"He couldn't accept photography in my life. He just didn't understand that something else besides a person could mean that much to me."

"Apparently he knew Elaine a little better than anyone realized. We found his clothes at her apartment. He has been staying with her since he got into New York."

Sheila is stunned. "Phillip and Elaine?"

"Maybe he was trying to get at you?"

Sheila just shakes her head slowly.

"I'm sorry if I upset you."

"It's not that. Phillip and I were over with a long time ago. But the day she was killed Elaine wanted to tell me something. She had been tense for days. Maybe she thought I would be hurt if I knew."

For a moment they drive in silence.

"Any other reason you can think of why Elaine might have left her apartment that day?"

"No. That's what makes it so senseless."

"Just as senseless as the other thousands of motiveless killings in New York this year. Things have changed. Maybe it's that things are changing so fast people can't keep up. It brings out all the crazies. Some of them use murder of innocent people as a form of self-expression." He shakes his head. "You might call it creative killing."

EYES

"There was something," says Sheila quietly.

"What?"

"It doesn't make any sense."

"That doesn't matter. What is it?"

"I thought I saw the face of a man in her eye. Not my own reflection but this face, sort of glossed in, imprinted there." She looks at him sheepishly. "That sounds stupid, doesn't it?"

He starts to say something.

"Go ahead, tell the truth. It sounds ridiculous."

Again he opens his mouth to speak.

"That's enough," she says.

They pull up in front of the police station. He turns to her. "Thanks for coming with me. I'm sorry to have put you through all that."

"By the way," she says, "I'm sorry for the other day at the gallery."

"Sorry?"

"If I'd known that you were a cop . . ."

"What would you have done?"

"Indecent exposure."

Neville smiles. "If we need to talk to you again I'll let you know." He leans over and opens her door.

"Maybe you can show me around the station sometime," she says hopefully.

EYES

He smiles.

"No chance, huh?"

"You still have style, Miss Mars." He starts to pull away. "Mars is the God of War, isn't it?" He smiles and drives away.

Sheila watches his car disappear. "Just my luck they gave the God of Love to someone else," she says to herself.

EYBS

Elaine's funeral takes place in a cold, windy cemetery. Sheila and Michelle walk toward the gravesite on the late December day.

Phillip wanders up and takes Sheila's arm. "Can I talk with you a minute?"

"You have a fine sense of timing, Phillip," says Sheila.

"Please."

Sheila and Michelle exchange glances. Michelle walks on to the gravesite.

"I've been trying to get a hold of you for days," he says. "Listen . . . I'm sorry about Elaine . . ."

Sheila just looks at him.

"I am," he says, trying to be convincing.

She looks right at him. "You don't seem to be."

"Yeah, well that's a problem of mine. I always seem to be something I'm not." He glances around at the bleak cemetery.

"Jesus, I hate cemeteries."

"I've got to go."

"I wanted to hurt you, Sheila, before you had another chance to hurt me. Elaine and I . . . it was the only way I could figure to do it."

EYES

"You were the prime suspect for awhile. The police asked me if I thought you had any reason to kill Elaine."

"And what did you tell them?"

"No reason."

He exhales sharply. "Thanks."

"Did you have a reason?"

He shakes his head.

"You didn't hurt me," says Sheila. "You just made me lose a little more respect for you."

She walks on up to the gravesite. She glances over her shoulder and sees Phillip walking briskly away across the graveyard.

EYES

The ceremony is almost over. Sheila is staring at the grave, tears in her eyes.

On her face as she watches:

The high-pitched whine suddenly hits her. Sheila's face contorts with the sound.

The first vision: just a flash, an instantaneous image. Sheila is looking at the grave one moment, and the next she is looking through someone else's eyes.

The vision is brief. The POV (point of view) is of the hallway of a house or apartment, moving toward a door at the other end. Then suddenly the POV glances to one side, through a doorway into another room. It seems to be searching for something. A window is open, purple curtains billowing out with a gust of wind.

The vision rotates to a clock on a small coffee table. Four thirty-five.

Then the vision abruptly fades. The high-pitched sound ends.

Sheila is left stunned by the gravesite. It has happened so fast. She looks around quickly to reorient herself, trembling and shaking. No one else has noticed.

EYES

Sheila is waiting on the sidewalk, still dazed and shaken. Donald drives by and picks her up.

"Sorry I'm late," he says, starting off down the street.

"Where were you?" she asks distantly, not really caring.

"I don't go to funerals. You can say I'm a barbarian if you want to, or that I have no respect for the dead, but that is one thing in my glorious life style that will never change. There is one thing that will change, though. I used to defend New York as a fair place to live. Now I'm going to tell everyone it's a goddamn pit where they throw all the sickos and murderers. I mean, a nail file, for God's sakes. Have you ever . . . ?"

Sheila hasn't been listening. Her hands are trembling as she reaches for a cigarette.

"Are you all right?" he asks, seeing her hands.

She nods silently.

"I made it a light week. Just a couple sessions on Thursday. I suggest you pack it in. Leave town maybe."

"Thanks, Donald. I think I'll stay."

He pauses a moment, looking at her. "You're a strong lady."

"Not right now."

EYES

"If it were me, I'd be dead. No question. I'd just lock my door, tell everybody 'no thanks, I don't want to see any more", roll over and drop dead."

Sheila smiles slightly. "I'm considering that myself."

Donald drops her off in front of the apartment building. She watches him drive hurriedly off down the street.

Sheila ducks down the alley to the side entrance. As she reaches the side door she suddenly stops.

(CONT'D)

EYES

Nothing. Wind whistling down the empty alley. The distant pneumatic hissing of a bus.

Sheila walks through the back room past the switchboard, nodding a curt 'hello' to Arthur, through the lobby to the elevator. She cranks the knob and it starts up.

She leans against the side of the elevator, her lips trembling, her eyes closed.

Then the high-pitched whine again, slamming in out of nowhere.

The second vision, blotting out of the world around her: Sheila is again looking through someone else's eyes. Again the vision moves quickly toward a window, the same window, purple curtains twisting with gusts of wind.

In the elevator Sheila is horribly transfixed by the vision she is seeing. She presses herself back against the side of the elevator, clinging to the brass handrail, unable to see anything around her.

The vision: the POV suddenly rotates from the window, the person looking to one side, to a bureau, moving in to a small photo of Blaine Casseil on top of it. A gloved hand reaches for the photo and picks it up off the bureau, clutching it tightly.

And then the vision is gone.

Sheila stumbles forward in the elevator, her breath blasting hotly, her arms thrashing for balance. She falls against

EYES

the elevator handle. The car lurches to a stop six inches above the third floor rail just as the door opens as Mrs. Burlington looks in. She climbs in and helps Sheila to her feet.

"What's wrong?" asks Mrs. Burlington.

Sheila finally gets control of herself. "Nothing, I'm all right."

"That's nothing?" says Mrs. Burlington as she brings the elevator down flush to three.

"Thank you, I just . . . I want to go up to my apartment."

Mrs. Burlington nods and cranks the handle. "Then I'm taking you." The elevator starts up.

EYES

A few days later Sheila gets out of her car in front of Elaine's apartment. She stands on the sidewalk, very quiet, subdued, her eyes covered with dark sunglasses.

She waits for several moments, then glances at the alley next to the building. She walks to the entrance and looks in.

It is empty. Snow lines the edges.

A chill runs through Sheila. She turns away and walks back to the stoop in front of the apartment.

A cab pulls up and MARY CASSEIL gets out. A pretty girl of nineteen she is Elaine's daughter. She shakes hands with Sheila.

"Mary?"

"Hi."

"I'm Sheila Mars. I think I saw you at the funeral."

"I want to say right away I think you're book is just sensational. Great picture of mom . . ."

They both nod silently and walk up the steps to the apartment building. Mary fumbles for some keys in her purse. "Thanks for coming today. I really didn't know anybody else to call. You know," she says, stopping in front of a door in the plushly carpeted hallway of the apartment building foyer,

EYES

"I've never even seen my Mom's apartment."

"Neither have I," says Sheila. "She just moved in a month before . . ."

Mary opens the door and they step in.

The entrance hall is bare. They slowly walk in, looking around. "I really don't know what to do with all of it," says Mary, peeking in at the stacks of furniture and boxes in the rooms off the hall. "Dad isn't going to have anything to do with any of this. He dumped the whole thing on me."

"Don't you have to get back to school?" asks Sheila as she glances around the apartment.

"Christmas break." Then she adds, under her breath: "Some Christmas."

Sheila looks at her. "Your mother was a beautiful woman, Mary. She was dearly loved."

"Thank you."

There is a moment of silence, then Mary and Sheila wander back through the apartment, looking at things. "I suppose I could just sell all this stuff. Maybe I could get some broker to do it for me."

Sheila steps from the hallway into the living room. "The less you have to do with it the . . ."

She stops abruptly, freezing in one spot.

Across the room is the window with purple curtains from her vision.

EYES

Next to the window is the bureau.

Slowly Sheila walks up to it. On the top of the bureau is a small, clear line in the dust where the photograph was sitting.

Sheila just stares, not moving, barely breathing.

EYES

That night. Sheila is in her apartment alone, pacing back and forth restlessly. She is wound up tight, racked with tension. Finally she makes up her mind about something.

On a city street she gets out of her car and walks quickly to the front door of her studio, unlocking it.

Inside the studio she walks directly to the stack of old props against the wall. She gets down on her knees and begins searching around frantically. She is in a near panic, thrashing her hand wildly, bumping into props and knocking them down.

Then her hand closes around the small film container she threw away.

Behind her two feet step into shot. Sheila senses it and stands up quickly. It is Phillip.

"I'm sorry," he says, taking a step toward her. "I didn't mean to scare you."

She backs away from him.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing. What do you want?"

"I'm leaving for L.A. tonight. I came over to ask you to come back with me."

EYES

Sheila shakes her head and impatiently pushes past him. "You're going to walk out without giving me an answer?" he asks.

She stops at the door. "I've given you the answer one hundred and ninety four times! Now I'm locking up. You either come on out or spend the night inside."

He walks outside and she locks up the studio. She walks quickly to her car, Phillip following.

"Can't we just talk it over? At least we can do that."

She stops and unlocks her car. He sees her hands are shaking. "What's wrong with you?" he asks.

She looks at him angrily. "It's over, Phillip. It's been over for a long time and I've accepted it. Now I want you to do the same."

She gets in her car and drives away.

His face flushed with anger, he strides away into the night.

EYES

In the negative red light of her apartment darkroom Sheila lays a piece of photographic paper in the developer tray.

Slowly an image fades on the paper: the face of Elaine on the stretcher.

Sheila adjusts the lens on the enlargement camera.

Another image fades on white paper: a closer shot of Elaine's face cropping out the empty eye socket and nail file, focused in on Elaine's single eye.

A third enlargement: just the eye itself, filling the paper.

A 40" by 40" enlargement of Elaine's eye, wide open, staring, glazed in death, is propped up against the mantle in Sheila's darkened living room.

Sheila is staring at the picture, scrutinizing the details, the shadings, the flecks.

CLOSE UP of the photo. In the fine dark blotches of the iris there is almost the outline of a man's face. Almost.

Sheila is convinced. She picks up the telephone.

"Detective sergeant Neville, please." She waits, staring at the photo. "When will he be back? Oh. Well, leave word for him to call Sheila Mars . . . Sheila Mars, the minute he gets in."

EYES

Michelle, looking as if she just awoke, stares horrified at the enlargement. Sheila is behind her. "There in the iris," says Sheila. "Do you see it? A face, just as if her eye was like photographic film, and imprinted there was the last thing she saw . . . the face of the man who killed her!"

"When did you do this?" asks Michelle.

"Earlier tonight. Do you see anything in there?"

(CONT'D)

EYES

Michelle walks up and looks closely at the photo, at the iris. She speaks quietly, giving Sheila every benefit. "I can't tell . . ."

"Can't you see it? Just the outline, the shape of the head, there, and there . . ."

"Well, now that you've told me . . . If you'd said a giraffe or a rabbit . . ."

Sheila turns on her savagely. "What the hell's with you? Just look at the damn thing and tell me if you see it. That doesn't seem like an awful lot to ask . . ." Then she stops, exhales sharply. "God, Michelle," says Sheila very softly. "What's wrong with me?"

An hour later Sheila and Michelle are sitting in the delicatessen next door, in a booth in the back of the room, drinking coffee, talking.

"When you dream something, it's far away," says Sheila. "Things are hazy, distant. These flashes . . . are different. They're real. I think I'm somebody else. No, that's not it. I can't explain it exactly . . . It's being removed . . . I had . . . man's hands . . ."

"Look," says Michelle firmly. "You saw something that most people never have to see in their lives. One of your friends was killed. The whole experience at the alley, her hand grabbing you . . ."

EYES

At the thought Sheila shivers uncontrollably.

"This is all like an escape valve, letting go of what's bottled up inside."

"They're . . . hallucinations? But what about Elaine's apartment? The window, the curtains, the missing picture?"

"Deja vous. Prior experience. Everyone feels it at one time or another." Michelle looks at her. "You're mourning Elaine's death, Sheila. It's natural. You've got to realize it."

Sheila looks at her. "All right. What do I do?"

"Well, first we get rid of something."

Michelle leaves the money for the coffee on the counter and they leave the deli. George steps in from the hallway, watches them leave, then picks up the money and rings it up on the cash register.

The parking lot behind Sheila's apartment building. Michelle pours lighter fluid all over the enlargements of Elaine's eye. Sheila watches mutely.

"Is this all of them?" asks Michelle, standing back from the stack of photos.

Sheila nods. "Everything but the negative."

"That too." Michelle reaches in her pocket, brings out the negative and tosses it on the pile. "I've watched you

EYES

enough to know what it is and where to find it."

"Don't burn the negative," says Sheila.

It's too late. Michelle lights a match, throws it on the photos and steps back. The go up with a big WHOOSH.

Through the flames the eye begins to burn, blacken, curl and twist as if alive.

Sheila stares at the pyre, the orange glow illuminating her face.

BYES

Back upstairs in Sheila's apartment. "You got anything to eat?" asks Michelle.

Sheila is staring vacantly. "Huh?"

"I'm hungry."

"We were just down at the deli."

"I wasn't hungry then." Michelle starts into the kitchen. "Anything in the refrigerator?"

"Four ice cubes and a light bulb, but you can't have them, I'm expecting someone later for dinner."

Michelle comes back into the living room smiling warmly at Sheila's humor. "That's more like it."

"I'm known for the quick recovery. Look, if you're really hungry we can order out."

Michelle shakes her head. "I've got to go anyway."

"How are things?"

"They never seem to change. The ten per cent that's great is . . . great! The rest of the time we fight. What about your cop?"

Sheila smiles. "My cop? I wish he was."

EYES

"It's too bad about Phillip."

Sheila shakes her head. "I don't know what's happened to him."

Michelle. "You." She gets up to go. "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Michelle . . ." says Sheila. "Thank you."

Michelle embraces Sheila. "Sometimes it just gets too much and we all go a little bit crazy."

"Some of us more than others," says Sheila.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

EYES

Later that night Sheila is in bed, tossing fitfully, trying to get to sleep.

Finally she settles down. Her face relaxes. Her mouth opens slightly. She falls asleep.

WE MOVE INTO A CLOSE SHOT OF HER EYES.

Third vision: no sound, silence. It is more than a quick flash; it is a constant image. Through someone's eyes, the POV moves along a tree-lined street, then up to an apartment house, up to a window, peering inside. Darkness. Then on to another window, then another, agitated, restless, haunted.

Sheila is struggling in her sleep, moving her head, her eyelids barely fluttering.

The POV peers in another window. Inside the apartment Robert can be seen arguing with someone hidden from view. The POV watches as Robert finally screams something (no sounds can be heard), picks up a coat and stalks out of the room.

The POV rotates to the steps of the apartment building. Robert comes bustling out and walks away down the street.

Then the POV turns back to the window. Inside is Michelle, sitting on a couch, crying.

Sheila MOANS loudly, her forehead beaded with sweat. She shakes her head back and forth.

EYES

The POV moves up the stairs, into the apartment building, up to a door. The same black gloved hand rings the doorbell.

The door opens a little. Michelle is on the other side, looking out expectantly. She frowns, looking right at the POV. There is a curious expression on her face. Surprise. It's obvious that Michelle recognizes whoever is behind the vision.

The POV moves inside the room, rotating to close the door. Then back to Michelle. She is saying something. Then the man's hand comes into view holding a huge, hideously gleaming ice pick.

Suddenly Sheila sits upright in bed. She SCREAMS out, opens her eyes and stares around wildly, GASPING, clawing at the air with her hands. She can still see the vision.

The vision: the man's hand has hold of Michelle by her hair. Michelle screams without sound. Then the other hand slashes into frame, driving the ice pick into Michelle's left eye.

Sheila SCREAMS again.

The man's hand moves again. The blade sinks into her other eye. Michelle falls like a rag doll to the floor. The POV turns to the door, moves for it.

Sheila collapses on the bed, crying and shaking, her entire body racked with icy fear and horror.

EYES

The POV moves quickly out into the street, glances from side to side, then moves up to a trash can on the sidewalk. The hands wipe the blade and handle clean and drop the ice pick inside.

The vision fades.

Able to see through her own eyes again Sheila stumbles up out of bed and dials Michelle's number. No answer.

Then Sheila dials the police.

"Hello. Police. This is an emergency!"

EYES

The sun is barely over the horizon when Sheila pulls up in front of Michelle's apartment building. Police are everywhere. She is stopped at the steps by an OFFICER.

"I'm sorry, I can't let you through."

Sheila is frantic. "Where did they take her?"

"I've been instructed"

"Which morgue? Please."

"East Fifty-Fourth."

Sheila races to the city morgue and asks to see Michelle's body. The MORGUE TECHNICIAN checks his list. "Are you next of kin?"

"No."

"I can't let you in."

She begins to argue with him.

"I'm sorry, lady, it's against police orders."

Neville walks in the morgue. "How did you know?" he asks. She turns around. He can see the fear in her eyes, the

EYES

cold terror ravaging inside her.

"I want to see her," she says.

"I don't think you do."

"It was both eyes this time."

Neville just looks at her.

Inside the morgue he pulls out a wrapped body on a slab from its metal sarcophagus. He pulls down the sheet.

We hold on Sheila's face. We see from the expression that the details of her vision were true.

She looks at Neville. "She was killed an hour ago with an ice pick. I can take you to it."

EYES

Neville pulls open the trash can lid and digs out the ice pick. He looks up at Sheila standing several feet away. He inspects the blade. "Wiped clean," he says, handing it to another officer. "Have it checked anyway."

Robert is escorted to a squad. He sits in the back between two officers. Sheila walks over to the squad car and looks in at him. He glances up at her with an anguished look. "I loved her," he says.

Sheila turns from the car and walks up to Neville. "It isn't him," she says.

Neville gestures to the driver and the squad car pulls away.

"You don't understand," continues Sheila. "I saw it." He looks at her.

"Not a dream, not a vision out of my head, I was inside his body, seeing through his eyes."

Neville's expression doesn't change.

"All right, I know that whenever there's a murderer loose you have all sorts of people who come out of the woodwork and tell you crazy things. I know most of those people are insane or lonely or something. And I know you assume I'm one of them."

EYES

"I don't assume that."

"Then do you believe me?"

He says nothing.

Neville drives her back to her apartment. She is near a breakdown. The fear has a hold of her.

He calls in on his radio-~~phone~~. "He boarded the plane at seven fifty-five? Yeah, that puts him out of the running."

He turns to Sheila. "Phillip's plane was in the air when . . ."

Sheila nods silently.

"Get me a rundown on him when he arrives in L.A. If you have to put a call through to the LAPD. Get back to me if you hear anything." He hangs up the radio phone.

Sheila sits in her living staring out at the city. Neville stands behind her.

"Why Michelle? Why my friends?" She turns and looks at Neville. "WHY CAN I SEE?" she shrieks.

HIGH SHOT looking down on the living room. Sheila is a small figure huddled up, sobbing hysterically.

Slowly Neville walks over to her. He stands a moment, almost as if he is unable to move, then bends down to her, taking her in his arms, softly, holding her. Something changes

EYES

in his face. The hard professionalism vanishes. His rugged features soften.

Sheila turns to him. "Don't leave me alone," she says quietly.

"I wasn't planning to."

EYES

It is later in the afternoon. Sheila and Neville are walking along a city street past various brightly-lit shops and salons. They have been walking since morning and Sheila feels safer now with Neville, more relaxed.

"This can't happen to me," she says. "I haven't done anything to start it. I was just a normal little girl. I went to school, I ate breakfast, I went to the movies and once they threw me out for laughing too loud. Other than that, nothing sinister. No dark signs. Except, I had a Great Aunt who hated me. I could never eat the yokes of eggs, only the whites, and my Great Aunt took it personally." She told me I was crazy."

Sheila points to a DERELICT across the street standing in front of a lamp post. "Now he's crazy. He's talking to a street light."

"He's not crazy because he's talking to it," says Neville, "but because he expects it to answer him."

They turn into Neville's apartment, a small, three room lower half of a fourplex. The apartment is very bare and sparse except for oil paintings that fill the walls.

"You really do collect works of art," says Sheila.

Neville goes into the kitchen to fix dinner. Sheila glances around the room. She stops by a photograph. "This is an ugly-looking little girl. Is it your sister?"

"It's me," says Neville from the kitchen.

EYES

"Oh."

"My mother sent it to me when I joined the force. She said I should have a reminder of what I was like."

"How nice of her," says Sheila under her breath. "No wonder you didn't want me to take your picture," she calls out.

They eat by candlelight. The snow falls heavily outside the window.

"Why a photographer?" asks Neville.

"As opposed to a garbage collector?"

"Or a schoolteacher or housewife."

"Well, I guess it started when I was little. I thought I was invisible."

"How's that?"

"Sometimes my parents didn't pay any attention to me so I thought I was invisible. Not just my parents. Most people didn't pay any attention to me. I was a strange child. So, being invisible, I started looking at people. If they looked back they wouldn't see me, so I was safe. I watched nose blowers, nose wipers, hair pullers, chin pickers, ankle scratchers and some I can't tell you about. I always wanted to capture that part of people I used to watch as a little girl. Now I can do it . . . " Suddenly Sheila looks away from Neville. She stares into space.

"I'm not a fancy cook," says Neville, "but it can't be that bad. What's wrong?"

EYES

"Do you believe me?" she asks him again.

He looks at her a moment. "That you can see through the eyes of a psychotic killer who punches the eyes out of his victims?"

Sheila looks away, as it does sound impossible. "How did I know the ice pick was in the trash can?"

"I don't know. But there were no prints on it, no proof it was the murder weapon."

"The only other explanation is that I put it there myself and, of course, that I'm completely and totally insane."

Neville reaches out and touches her arm. "Someone has killed two of your friends. Sheila, being sane means being able to live while you're surrounded by horror, cruelty, violent death, the sickness of the world. We screen all this from our minds. We can do it as long as we don't lose our basic defenses. When someone says, 'The world is too horrible I can't face it', he actually sees the truth too clearly. He no longer has the normal illusions that keep the horror away. I think this has happened to you."

"Then I planted the ice pick and imagined the rest of it?"

She gets up from the table and walks to the window. She watches the snow fall silently outside. "The awful thing is that I just don't know for sure. I just don't know . . ."

Neville walks to her, puts his arms around her.

EYES

"I won't let anything happen to you, Sheila," he says.

She turns in his arms and looks up in his face.

"I take that back," he says, kissing her.

EYES

Sheila and Neville are in bed together. They have just made love. They talk softly in the dark.

"I was working on a case once when one of my staff showed me something," says Neville, softly stroking Sheila's hair. "This guy was in electronics and at eleven o'clock one night he photographed a parking lot filled with cars. He took another photograph from the same spot at two o'clock when the lot was vacant, this time with an infra red light. The picture showed a lot full of cars. The two photos were identical. The infra red picked up images of the cars after they'd gone. I can't give you an explanation for it, but that doesn't mean it didn't happen."

He looks at her. She is sound asleep.

He smiles, tenderly.

EYES

A few hours later. Sheila is still asleep. Her face is blasted, exhausted.

Neville is wide awake. He very quietly and carefully untangles himself from her, walks into the kitchen and picks up the phone. He dials, waits.

"This is John Neville, Department Forty A. Code Five. What is the present status of the suspects?" He listens, opening the refrigerator and opening a beer. "I see. What time was he released? Uh-huh. Yes, I want a man on him. Keep a man on Donald Maitland and I want an officer on Sheila Mars, 11273 Parker Avenue. Twenty-four hour surveillance. I want a phone call every time she makes a move. And I want the surveillance officer armed at all times."

It is dawn. The sun is just coming up through the window casting deep blue light on everything. Neville leaves a note on the coffee table and slips out the front door.

The note reads: When you wake up come down to the station.

EYES

Sheila walks into the police station. It is frantic: plain-clothes detectives, uniformed officers, clerks rushing everywhere.

Sheila is still on edge. The fear lingers in her, grief vicing her features.

Covering most of one wall of Neville's office are the photographs of Elaine and Michelle's killing. Sheila averts her eyes from the wall. On another wall hangs a chart: location of both crimes, dates, time of day, weather, age and background of victims, nature of injury, details of autopsy.

There is a list of suspects. Sheila, Phillip and Donald's names have been crossed off.

Sheila sits down and waits for Neville to get off the phone.

"All leaves are cancelled," he says. "All detectives are immediately assigned to my office. Yes, I realize that. And I ordered a roundup of all known sex offenders. We're running a check of every man released from a mental institution in the past two years. Yeah, yeah, I'll get back to you." He hangs up the phone and smiles at Sheila. "How are you feeling?"

She nods her head in response. "You look exhausted."

"I've been up for awhile."

"Anything?"

Neville shakes his head. "Less than we had. No real suspects now, no evidence, back to zero."

EYES

Sheila points to the list on the wall. "Don't you still suspect me?"

"You were never a serious suspect."

"Then what about the man who's been following me since I left your apartment?"

Neville smiles. "Protective surveillance."

"Tell the truth, John."

"We have to check everybody." Neville stops and looks at her. "I have orders to keep the officer on you."

"Do you really suspect Donald or even Phillip?"

"Two separate murders within a small circle of acquaintances? The odds are pretty big against it being coincidence. What bothers me is how the son of a bitch can walk away from a murder and disappear into a crowd or down a street and no one notices. It points to the schizophrenic killer. He has two personalities, one normal, one psychotic. The man could be a Jekyll and Hyde, perhaps capable of instantaneous personality change. The normal half of his personality doesn't know the other dark, evil, malignant half exists, and vice versa. It may well be that once he kills BAM, he snaps back into Mister Normal Citizen who is completely unaware of the killing. With a schizophrenic you can never overlook the little old man who lives down the block. The evil is in every man. God help us if it gets out of control."

"John."

He looks up at her.

EYES.

"It's Christmas Eve."

"I have to work"

"I wasn't even going to ask."

"I don't want you alone tonight."

"I talked to Donald this morning. He's forcing me into this party."

Neville gets a concerned look. "Sheila"

"I thought you said Donald wasn't a suspect."

"Well he isn't really, but"

"Besides," she says, "it'll be easier for you. You only have to assign one man to cover the party and watch both of us." She kisses him and starts out of his office.

"Sheila"

She turns to him. "Yes?"

"There's always Christmas day."

"You've got yourself a deal."

EYES

Sheila walks into a plush Park Avenue apartment. It is dark and smoky inside. Surly, broad-shaded low-slung lamps bathe everything in soft amber. Everywhere she looks there are men dressed as women, dancing together, camping. The only giveaway that this is a Christmas party is the tree in the corner filled with balls and lights and wrapped packages underneath it.

Sheila stands off from the collection of homosexuals scattered about the apartment in vibrant knots of conversation. She looks ill at ease, tense.

Donald comes into the room dressed as Santa Claus. He sneaks up behind Sheila and taps her on the shoulder. She turns around and he holds up a bottle of J & B Scotch. "A little Christmas queer?"

For a moment she stares blankly at him, then bursts into laughter. The depression and tension begin to lift.

"I'm glad you could come," says Donald. He glances around the room. "I should have come as Mrs. Claus."

"Come here, I have something to show you."

Below the Park Avenue apartment on the street Sheila shows Donald her car. In the back seat is a beautiful oil painting.

"It's gorgeous," says Donald.

"A present for John. Only I can't figure out any way to get it to his apartment while he isn't there."

EYES

"Why not just drive it there now?"

Sheila points to a car parked across the street. In it sits a SURVEILLANCE COP. "He follows me everywhere and reports in to John every time I make a move." Sheila waves to the cop. He waves back.

"Why don't you just tell him what you want to do?"

"Because he has to call no matter where I go."

"John obviously feels you need a man around you at all times," says Donald. "But don't we all?"

Back upstairs the party is in full swing. Sheila half listens to a conversation Donald is having with another HOMOSEXUAL.

"NASA made these tests," says the homosexual, "at their laboratories in, I don't know where it was, Cambridge or somewhere like that. You see, they knew that the human brain generates a measurable electrical current. They figured if the brain could send it, why not also pick it up?"

"I see," says Donald with mock seriousness.

"They even had these two men . . ."

Donald gestures with his hand. ". . . who picked each other up?"

Sheila stifles a laugh. The homosexual glares at Donald. "These two men, a sender and a receiver. One of them went to France, the other to England. At a fixed hour every day they concentrated on sending and receiving a specific message.

EYES

Several times the message came through."

"Yes," says Donald. "It said, Biffel Tower, men's room, three o'clock'."

This time Sheila laughs out loud.

A few minutes later Sheila and Donald are in the kitchen.

"It's good to see you like yourself again," says Donald.

"Still feels a little wrong to laugh at anything."

Donald shakes his head firmly. "You can't let it stop your life. You have to keep living."

"What about you?"

Donald gets serious. He drops the sarcastic tone in his voice. "You know me. I never liked Elaine or Michelle. But I would never wish anyone dead." Then he grins. "There are some of us who are principled as well as liberated."

Suddenly an idea hits Sheila. She turns to Donald. "I've got it!"

"What?"

"I've got a way to deliver John's present!"

EYES

Below on the street the surveillance cop watches a figure dressed like Sheila come out of the apartment and start walking down the street in the opposite direction.

He picks up the radio phone. "Miss Mars is leaving the party, walking east on Park Avenue."

He starts up the car and follows several car lengths away.

(CONT'D)

EYES

WE REVERSE ANGLE and see that it is Donald dressed in Sheila's clothes. Behind him cruises the surveillance car.

As Donald and the surveillance car turn the corner Sheila comes bustling out of the apartment dressed in Donald's Santa Claus suit. She jumps in her car and pulls away.

The surveillance cop pulls up next to Donald.

Donald turns to him, exposing the fraud. "Looking for a little action, officer?"

The surveillance cop stops the car, spins it around and ROARS off down the street.

Sheila is driving across the George Washington bridge. She sees the surveillance car in the rear view mirror. The cop seems to be signalling her.

Suddenly she links in to the vision: the view of the bridge in front of the car disappears and becomes a POV peering through a slit in a doorway looking down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs is Donald, still in Sheila's clothes, trudging up toward the door.

Sheila hits the brakes. The surveillance cop watches in horror as her car slides all over the bridge.

EYES

Sheila sees: through the slit in the door, Donald is halfway up the stairs.

Then three fourths.

Then the door swings open and the POV whips forward. Donald looks up in surprised shock. A man's gloved hand grabs him and drives a screw driver into his eyes.

Sheila SCREAMS.

Her car lurches across the bridge, hits the railing, flips over, skitters back across and SLAMS into the center divider.

The surveillance cop SCREECHES to a stop, jumps out of his car and races toward Sheila who is slowly crawling out of the wreck. Just as he reaches her she falls to the bridge, a deep gash in her leg.

Sheila looks up at the cop. "He just killed Donald! His eyes . . . he put out his eyes . . ."

The cop drags her away from the car just as it EXPLODES into flames. At the same moment Sheila fades into unconsciousness.

EYES

It is a week later. Sheila is in the hospital recovering, her arm and leg in traction.

Neville comes in to see her. "Hello," he says, giving her a kiss and placing flowers in a vase by the bed.

"Well . . . if it isn't the Scowling Stranger."

"How are you?"

"Fabulous. I ran around the reservoir this morning and this afternoon I'm going out for tennis. Where have you been?"

"Busy."

"You could have at least called the doctors to see how I was doing."

"I did."

"Then you could have told the doctors to tell me you called them."

"I'm sorry," he says, smiling.

"Obviously you haven't caught him."

He shakes his head.

"There's only one solution," says Sheila. "I'll live in the closet. Just leave my meals outside the door and slide in the morning papers."

"He hasn't killed again."

EYES

"That's a relief. I'm running out of friends for him."
She closes her eyes and crumples the sheet with her fingers.

He stares out the window for a moment. "I believe you,"
he says finally. "I believe your power."

She looks at him.

"You couldn't have known Donald was dead when you had
the accident. You couldn't have known how he died."

She reaches out and he takes her hand. "I've brought
someone to talk to you. Someone who can help."

DOROTHY ENGLAND is an attractive woman in her late
forties with a pleasant, earnest face. She is a specialist
from the Department of Legal Medicine at Harvard. She is a
parapsychologist. She introduces herself and her various
studies into psychic phenomenon.

"I believe that every human being is endowed from birth
with varying degrees of psychic perception," says England. Her
manner is very friendly. "In most cases the power is never
developed."

"Sheila, the first problem is simply accepting your
psychic abilities, that you can see through the eyes of a killer,
that you have a receiver outside your body: his eyes, like a
remote video unit."

She looks at both Neville and Sheila. "We could go on
for years studying and testing you to absolutely prove it."

EYES

"I'm not interested in that right now," says Neville.

"I want to stop him."

"I agree," says England. "Then we have the second problem, who is the killer, where is he, when will he come again, how do we stop him?"

"Assuming you've had latent psychic power for some time, perhaps all your life, you came in contact with a dangerously disturbed mind, a schizophrenic, as Mr. Neville believes him to be. Perhaps it was a chance meeting, passing each other in a crowd, staring at each other for just an instant, or perhaps it's someone you've known all your life."

"A link was made between you and the killer, Sheila. A psychic link. Now the killer senses this link in a way you don't. He or she feels your power without really knowing what it is. The evil side of the personality tries to lash out and stop you and the power. But up to this point the killer has attacked misplaced sources: Elaine Casseil, Michelle Overs, Donald Maitland, people close to you emotionally. He strikes out at what he thinks is the source of the power, but what is actually your feelings toward the victims."

"He feels me inside of him," says Sheila fearfully. "He knows I'm there and is trying to get me out."

"He's felt you since you first linked with the secret evil half of him. This might explain why he stabs the eyes. He is striking out at the center of your ability. Elaine's death was an experiment. At that time he might have been unsure of

EYES

the location of the power. The loss of only one eye would mean that he was only beginning to feel the link."

"What a great feeling," says Sheila. "To know you're causing the death of the ones you love."

England turns to Neville. "It occurs to me that you are a likely candidate to be the next victim. You are linked to Sheila emotionally, stronger than any of the other victims."

Neville thinks a moment. "What if I'm bait to catch him?"

Sheila looks at him sharply. "Now wait a minute!"

"Together, in a room, an apartment, holed up," says Neville. He turns to Sheila. "Your power and your feelings for me drawing him to us, to where I can stop him."

There is a long silence.

"Well?" asks Neville. "Could it work?"

"It might," says England. "But if Sheila only links with him during his psychotic state, when he is about to kill, you'll only have one brief chance to stop him."

Neville looks at Sheila. "Let's take it."

Slowly Sheila nods.

EYES

Sheila and Neville move into her apartment for the vigil. A complex communications link-up is in operation to the police department, to stake-out OFFICERS with telescopic cameras across the street in an old brownstone, and to squad cars cruising the area. Sheila's telephone is linked to a 911 line through Arthur's switchboard downstairs which feeds into all police radio phones.

MONTAGE of the waiting: Sheila, in her bed, her leg in traction, her arm in a bulky cast, sleeping while Neville paces in the living room;

Sheila and Neville playing chess;

Sheila reading, Neville staring out the window at the falling snow;

They have a candlelight dinner by her bedside, laughing, sipping wine. . .

Very late one night. Neville is in the living room, reading, beginning to doze off.

Sheila is asleep, her face relaxed, beautiful, serene, held for several beats. Then suddenly she opens her eyes. She GASPS, pushing back against the bed with her arms as if she is rivoted there by the force of gravity.

She sees the killer's nightmare, a plunge down a dark, surrealistic endless sewer drain pipe, a mad careening drop at an incredible speed. She can't move, frozen by the vertigo.

EYES

The vision/nightmare plummits down into a dark cesspool. It goes underwater. The cesspool is teeming with things, great dark shapes, ominous hovering creatures moving toward the vision. The POV bobs above the surface, struggling to stay on top, the hands thrashing at the shapes beneath the surface.

Then suddenly the cesspool drains, flowing out a window, becoming a small, box-like room. A WOMAN, old, haggard, is sitting on the edge of a bed, saying something.

The nightmare whirls and runs out a door into another room. It also is small. Hanging on a bare light cord are three pictures, photos torn out of "The Faces of Mars". They are of Elaine, Michelle and Donald. The eyes have been punched out of each one.

Then the vision moves to a table. The photo of Elaine from her bureau is there. The eyes are punched out. On the table is a pair of scissors. A gloved hand picks them up and opens them, holding the blade like a knife.

Then the nightmare turns around. The old woman is standing in the room. The vision rushes to her, the scissors moving to her eyes. The old woman screams.

Sheila SCREAMS, loud. The vision/nightmare fades. Neville rushes into the room.

EYES

Later that night. Neville is by her bedside. They talk softly.

"He's haunted by me," says Sheila quietly. "He feels me inside of him now. I'm driving him . . ." She smiles at herself. "I guess he already is."

"I wonder if this nightmare of his is the sane half trying to take over?"

"What do you mean?" asks Sheila.

"The line between the sane and psychotic halves of his personality wouldn't always be a clear boundary. It could fluctuate. Maybe for a few moments he sees his other half."

Sheila thinks about it a moment. "What would I do if I realized half of me was a murderer. Run? Try to cover it up? Kill myself?"

"Or maybe nothing at all."

A thought strikes Sheila. She looks at Neville. "If he never does anything do you and I have to stay in the apartment here for twenty or thirty years just in case?"

"At least."

"Then I'd never know."

"What?"

"Whether you're here because of me or because of your job."

EYES

He kisses her. "You're not sure of that yet?"

"Well, it could be both."

"And what's wrong with that?"

She smiles. "I'm selfish." She touches his face softly. "Maybe if I could see your dreams I'd know."

He thumps the traction harness and both her casts. "My dreams are about what we do when you get rid of this stuff."

"Patience," she says grinning.

"I've just about run out of that." He stands up and begins pacing restlessly. "Where the hell is he?" He walks to the bedroom window and looks out at the snow falling on the night city.

Sheila lies back on her pillow. "What a stupid time to be in love with someone," she says softly.

Neville turns from the window and walks back to her. They embrace, as well as they can with her in traction.

"I'm sorry," he says. "I have no right to complain."

"When I was leaving home to come to New York, my mother told me, 'Sheila, when most girls are in love with a man, it's beautiful. With you it'll be ridiculous!'"

Neville softly touches her face. "When this nightmare is over, we'll be together, Sheila."

Softly he kisses her.

EYES

One of the officers from the brownstone across the street is in the apartment with Sheila. Neville returns, angry.

"What's wrong?" asks the officer.

"The stake-out closes down in four days," says Neville. "Orders from the department. They need you and Bob on normal duty. You'll have to start pulling out."

"Sorry, John," says the officer. "What about you?"

Neville looks in at Sheila in the bedroom. "I took a temporary leave of absence."

"For how long?" she asks.

"Twenty or thirty years."

Sheila stares at him in the doorway with amazement.

"You quit?" says the officer in equal amazement.

"For now, until this is over."

"You didn't have to do that," says Sheila.

"They asked me to make a choice. My job or you." He smiles at her. "I guess you might say I'm just old-fashioned, underneath it all. I feel there are certain things you should never sacrifice. One is making the first move. If that doesn't work, then the most important thing is the last."

EYES

Night, a week later.

Heavy snow falling. The city is quiet.

A knock at the door. Neville answers. It is the deli owner. "I've got something to show you," he says fearfully.

"I can't leave now," says Neville. "The other police officers are gone."

"You've got to come."

Neville walks in to Sheila. "Get on the phone." She picks up the receiver. He clicks on his two-way walkie-talkie. "I'll be gone five minutes. We'll keep talking all the way."

Arthur, the switchboard operator, comes in the living room. Neville hands him his gun.

"I don't know how to use this thing," says Arthur.

"You won't have to," says Neville.

Neville and the deli owner leave the apartment.

EYES

Arthur comes in to Sheila's bedroom. "My turn to babysit."

Neville and the deli operator get into the elevator and start down. "On our way down," says Neville into the walkie-talkie.

Sheila, in bed, listening to him over the phone. "Bring me back a corner beef on rye, will you?"

Down below on the street a figure stands looking up at Sheila's apartment.

EYES

Neville and the deli owner walk out of the elevator and across the lobby.

"I told you before he's been gone for a few weeks now. Off to see his mother in New Jersey, or so he said. But tonight I find the door to his room broken off the hinges, so I go in to find his mother's number."

Sheila over the walkie-talkie: "No one's talking to me."

In the apartment Sheila listens over the phone: "You're too possessive."

Very quietly George climbs the fire escape. His feet make big gouges in the new-fallen snow on the escape steps. He is wearing black gloves. Below him two figures, Neville and the deli owner, walks from the apartment building across the alley to the side entrance of the delicatessen.

In the lobby of the apartment building a figure steps into the elevator and the doors close.

EYES

The deli owner opens the door to the super's room. He and Neville step inside.

Inside the small, box-like room Neville freezes.

Stretched across the room is a bare light cord.

Hanging on the cord are three photos from The Faces of Mars. Elaine, Michelle, Donald. The eyes torn out.

On the table next to the bed is the small photo of Elaine. The eyes have been punched out.

Sheila's bedroom. She is on the phone: "What's going on? Hello?"

"We've found him," comes the reply.

There is a CLICK from the front room. Arthur sits up. "What's that?"

"Shhh!" says Sheila to George. "What did you say?" she says into the phone.

"It's all over," says Neville.

Sheila doesn't say anything. Her mouth and eyes are wide.

Standing in the doorway to her bedroom is Phillip.

EYES

Arthur jumps up, terrified. His hand moves to the gun in his back pocket.

Phillip sees their reactions. "What's wrong?" he asks. He looks at Sheila. "I got your letter, here I am."

Neville, in the super's room, hears Phillip's voice over the walkie-talkie: "What is it? What's wrong?"

Neville bolts out of the room.

On the fire escape George leans over a small space between the escape and the window ledge and pulls at the window on the fourth floor hallway. It is latched.

George looks puzzled, as if he expected it to be open. He tugs hard at the window. It opens, severing two small wires attached to the sill.

Suddenly a LOUD ALARM CLANGS. George jumps, his foot slips and he goes CRASHING through the hallway window.

Arthur pulls the gun from his back pocket.

Phillip sees it and races out of the room.

"John!" screams Sheila into the telephone.

EYES

The hallway. George picks himself up from the floor and races down the hall toward the elevator. The doors open and Mrs. Burlington steps out. She looks at George in horror.

George does a quick U-turn and races back down the hallway just as Phillip steps out of Sheila's door. They collide and stumble down the hall to the broken window. Both George and Phillip begin fighting and clawing to get out of the window on to the fire escape. Phillip is half-way out. George pushes him hard.

Phillip flies out of the window, over the fire escape railing, and plunges head first down to the alley below. He sails SCREAMING past Neville on his way up the escape and SMACKS into the alley surface. Phillip lies there, dead and broken.

Neville springs up the fire escape and catches George just climbing on to it. They struggle, George flailing and kicking at Neville. Neville punches him three times, slamming blows to his face. George falls back on the escape stairs and kicks Neville, hard, sending him sprawling backwards down the escape.

George scrambles up the escape and leaps across to the roof of the apartment building. Neville is right behind him.

They race across the snow-covered roof.

George reaches the edge and leaps for the catwalk of a huge billboard. He barely makes it.

EYES

Neville makes the leap. The two men struggle on the catwalk.

The middle of the catwalk gives way and George falls through up to his shoulders. Neville pulls him back up. "I want you alive," he hisses.

Then, holding the front of his jacket with one hand, Neville sends a hard right into George's face. Then another, and another.

George crumples, unconscious.

EYES

An hour later. Sheila is listening intently on the telephone to: Neville, George, the officer from the stake-out and a few other PEOPLE clustered in the super's room. The evidence is spread out in front of George. He is bruised from Neville's beating and looks terrified.

"This is very serious, George," says the officer. "You've already got a record that isn't doing you any good. Why don't you just try it again?"

George's LAWYER, a balding man in expensive clothes, urges him. "Go on, George."

"I got . . . a letter at my mothers'," says George.

His lawyer looks exasperatedly at Neville and the officer.

"It was from Sheila Mars," continues George. "It said to meet her tonight, in her apartment, that she wanted to . . . see me. . . ."

Sheila listens to this in silent astonishment.

"And why did you throw this letter away, George?" asks the officer.

"It said . . . in the letter . . . to throw it away."

His lawyer is enraged at this. "Why did you have to do what it said?" George just shakes his head.

"Why were you carrying these?" asks the officer, holding up a pair of scissors.

George looks at him through teary eyes. "I never had those! I don't know where they came from!"

"They found them on you," says his lawyer. "Now just answer the question."

EYES

"Somebody planted them on me! That guy in the hallway."
George glares at Neville. "Maybe he did!"

"Why did you go up on the fire escape?" asks the officer.
Neville steps forward. "You've been up it before, haven't you, George?"

"I looked around the floors a couple times, that's all."
George begins to break down crying.

"That's enough, George," says his lawyer quickly.

"George, how do you know that letter was from Sheila Mars?" asks Neville.

He looks up suddenly, teary eyed. "It was."

"But how do you really know?"

"It had to be," he screams, sobbing.

"I said that's enough," says the lawyer.

Neville gestures to the lawyer and the officer. They confer quickly in the corner of the room, with Sheila still listening in over the walkie-talkie.

"What about the other man?" asks the lawyer.

"Phillip Maclean?" Neville glances at George. "Phillip was probably innocent. He may have just come back once again to try a reconciliation with Sheila." Sheila listens intently to Neville: "Or, he may have been in league with George. We may never find out."

"Could Phillip Maclean have set up George?" asks the officer.

"It's quite possible," says the lawyer quickly.

EYES

"One way or the other," says Neville. "we've got the killer. All I care about is that he gets off the streets." At this all three men nod their heads in agreement.

(CONT'D)

EYES

The officer nods to two patrolmen who pick up George.

"I never put up those pictures," he continues to scream.

"It was all planted! I haven't done anything!"

There is a crowd surrounding several police cars in front of the delicatessen. George is brought out, his hands cuffed behind him. He is twisting and struggling. Finally he is shoved into a police car.

Neville walks up to the car and leans in, staring at George.

"I swear she wrote me a letter," says George, now deeply fearful of what is to happen to him. "Sheila Mars wrote me a letter."

In the bedroom Sheila is hearing: "It said to come up and see her."

Suddenly Sheila links. Through the killer's eyes she sees George sitting in the police car and hears his voice simultaneously over the receiver. "I didn't do anything!"

SHEILA IS SEEING THROUGH NEVILLE'S EYES.

She realizes it and SCREAMS into the receiver.

Her scream comes over the walkie-talkie. Neville flips it off, but not before George hears it.

"What's that?" he asks.

Neville's face is placid, set, without emotion. He steps back from the police car, turns and walks slowly toward the

EYES

entrance of the apartment building. The police cars begin to pull away from the delicatessen. The stake-out officer catches up with Neville.

"You were right about having us all pull out," says the officer. "He did show himself." He pats Neville on the back. "Give my best to the lady."

Neville keeps walking, as if he doesn't hear the officer, and walks in to the apartment building.

Sheila lies still, letting the horror wash over her. She sits up in bed, punches the button on the telephone cradle, trying to break the connection to the walkie-talkie.

She sees: Neville's POV moving toward the elevator. Then Arthur walks up, smiling, saying something to Neville.

In the lobby. "I haven't seen anything like the way you let him have it on that cat walk in twenty years in this place," says Arthur.

Neville says nothing to him, keeps walking, into the elevator.

Sheila is vainly punching the telephone cradle. She hurls it away.

She sees: Neville's POV moving into the elevator, rotating, turning around, his hands starting to close the door, and then Mrs. Burlington hurrying into the elevator with him.

EYES

In the elevator. "I told you he was the one I saw looking around up there," Mrs. Burlington says proudly. "It took you long enough to do something about it. I even told her months ago but she wouldn't believe me. Now see what she has to say about it."

(CONT'D)

EYES

Neville looks at Mrs. Burlington. His expression is as if he has never seen her before. Then suddenly he winces at a pain in his head.

Sheila in her bed: the vision fades. She can see her bedroom again. She lies very still, unsure of what to do.

"Anything wrong?" asks Mrs. Burlington.

Neville stares at her curiously. "What am I...?" He stops. Neville is back to his normal half. He tries to remember. "What's going on?"

Suddenly his expression changes. He stares at Mrs. Burlington emotionlessly.

Sheila links back in to him. She sees Mrs. Burlington staring at him curiously. Then the vision swings as Neville's hand pushes the elevator handle. It starts up.

Sheila, seeing this, tears out of her traction harness, moves across the bed, crawling blindly, feeling her way to the edge. She rolls off on to the floor, tries to stand up, falls back down, taking forever, then crawls across the floor toward the living room.

Neville's POV: the elevator indicator arrow moving up. Second floor.

Sheila moves through the bedroom door and her leg brace catches in the door.

Neville's POV: Third floor. Mrs. Burlington turns the handle. She opens the door, steps out, and turns around,

EYES

looking at Neville in puzzlement.

Sheila tries desperately to free her leg.

POV: the elevator doors close. It goes up. Fourth floor. The doors open.

Sheila jerks her leg free and crawls into the living room.

POV: moving down the hall toward Sheila's door.

Sheila, scurries across the room, toward the couch.

POV: right up to the door, Neville's hand fumbles with the lock.

Sheila, scrambling, clawing, crawling, scoots behind the couch. She doesn't move. THE SOUND OF CLICKING, THE LOCK TURNING.

The door opens. Neville walks in and closes it behind him. He very carefully bolt locks it.

The room is dark. From his vantage point Neville can't see Sheila huddled behind the couch.

She is very still, holding her breath. She is seeing: Neville scanning the room, his eyes moving to the bedroom door where he thinks she is.

Sheila behind the couch, in the background Neville, his face calm. He reaches in his coat pocket and brings out the scissors.

She sees: Neville's hand bringing up the gleaming scissors and then his POV swings toward the bedroom.

EYES

The POW moves into the bedroom, looks over the empty bed, the torn traction cloth.

Then it swings and suddenly Sheila sees herself across the room crouched behind the couch. She SCREAMS.

Neville moves right for her.

Sheila swings her leg. The bulky cast hits Neville's legs with a CRACK and topples him. He falls on top of her.

Wild struggling. Pandemonium.

Sheila sees herself struggling, her face, body, hands and right beyond her arm the scissors.

She grabs them.

As Neville is moving to get up Sheila swings the scissors with all her might and buries them in his chest with a deep THUMP.

Neville lets out a RASP of air and rolls over.

Sheila's face, staring.

Neville's POV: blackness.

Silence.

(CONT'D)

EYES

Sheila can't see anything. Just darkness.

WE HOLD TIGHT ON HER FACE. She waits, listening. Nothing. The agony hits her. She begins to cry.

She has to make sure he's dead. With her arm she reaches back and touches Neville's body. Nothing. No movement.

She begins to rub her eyes trying to bring back her own vision. She crawls to a kneeling position.

WIDER SHOT. We see that Neville has pulled the scissors out of his chest. He lies, bleeding profusely, but holds his breath, his arm over his eyes.

Sheila actually makes it to her feet.

Then suddenly he lashes out for her. The death struggle begins. Neville pulls himself up and raises the scissors. She grabs his hand, kicking, clawing. They stumble across the room to the picture window.

His hand around her throat Neville jerks his hand loose of her grip and lifts the scissors to plunge them into her eyes.

Then suddenly the vision fades for a second time.

Neville stops, poised to stab her. She looks up into his face.

A pause as their eyes meet. He looks at her with profound confusion. Then he looks at the scissors in his hand.

EYES

He looks back at her.

Sheila is trembling in his grasp, tears streaming down her face.

"Sheila," he whispers fearfully. "Stop me."

She looks at him.

The next moment she shifts her weight, wheeling, pushing, and gives him a sudden jerk.

Neville stumbles forward, loses his balance and falls through the picture window with a CRASH.

Sheila links with him again. She drops to the floor, rivoted there, seeing:

Neville's long plunge fifteen stories down. The pavement rushes upward into camera.

SMASH!

The vision goes red, then fades to black.

Then the living room fades in. Her sight returns.

Sheila slowly, agonizingly gets to her feet. She hobbles to the broken window. Snow is blowing in all around her. She looks out and down to the street below.

We start with a CLOSE-SHOT of Sheila's face, looking down at Neville, dead on the pavement, then we PULL BACK AND UP from the window, from the apartment building, across the bleak, snowy city.

THE END